

[Life & Death, Love & War by Luddleston](#)

Category: Hades (Video Game 2018)

Genre: Dirty Talk, Dominant Aphrodite, Established Relationship, Fantasizing, Light Dom/sub, M/M, Riding, Submissive Ares, like very light

Language: English

Characters: Aphrodite (Hades Video Game), Ares (Hades Video Game), Thanatos (Hades Video Game), Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

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Summary:

Aphrodite knows how Ares feels about Thanatos and Zagreus. She decides to share some details that she's privy to, as goddess of love and desire.

And then she lets Ares' fantasies run wild.

Life & Death, Love & War

Author's Note:

- For [serdechno](#).

Thank you to [@serdechno](#) on twitter for her amazing tweets which inspired this! Check out [this thread](#) and [her art](#) of this scenario too!!

“I’ll just tell you one quick thing, Ares, dear.”

She did this, sometimes. Rambled about the mortals she had been setting up with gods, the gods she’d been setting up with mortals, the romance of it all. She rarely did it while he was inside her but of course it had happened once or twice. That was simply how it was with Aphrodite.

“I wish to think of nobody but you,” Ares said, leaning his face into her perfumed hair (which was impossible not to do. Her hair was all over the place, always. She’d suffocate him with it someday and he’d beg for more).

“Are you quite certain? It’s about the object of your centuries-long fascination,” she teased, slowing her movements upon him, preening, treating him more like a throne than a lover.

“You are my centuries-long fascination.” He said it with utter reverence, hands sweeping over her frame, trying to persuade her to move but knowing that if he simply grabbed hold of her she would halt him in his tracks. She was in a mood to tease.

“Your other centuries-long fascination, then. Death.”

He couldn’t help the way his eyes lit, his chin tipping up to look at her.
“Oh?”

“I told you you would be interested,” she remarked, sing-song and utterly pleased with herself. “Thanatos, yes, and our favorite new little godling.”

Zagreus.

Ares' hell-born kin was a weapon in his own right, a flurry of blood and blades in battle. Ares watched him take down his enemies with a satisfaction that went far deeper than his pleasure at seeing mortal men win wars. He was stunning.

"Tell me," he said, instinctively gripping tighter to her waist, then loosening his hold and apologetically petting her.

She twirled a strand of her hair through her fingers with an air of calm lackadaisical consideration, not at all like she had his cock stuffing her full. "The two of them have been dancing around one another for ages, as you well know." She had mentioned it on more than one occasion, yes. An endless frustration to her, until they finally fell. "But I often find that in relationships such as that, wherein two people take so long to finally confess affection for one another, there blooms a spark that goes wildly out of control as soon as they profess their feelings for one another."

"Yes?"

"More specific, they've been fucking one another silly ever since their first time."

His groan sounded wounded, he couldn't keep himself still. "My lady, please, may I—"

"Mhm, of course." She allowed him to rearrange her on her back, with him between her legs. "Don't go too rough, darling, or I'll not be able to collect myself to talk you through this."

"Yes, my love." He pressed back into her slow, leaning close to catch every word. Her pointed nails trailed up his throat like a knife's edge and he shuddered, thrusting into her again.

"I bring it up because I wondered, if you keep an eye on him while he's fighting, whether you see the aftermath of said fights. Whether you noticed

him pushing our dear Death right over and having him in the middle of Elysium.”

It was difficult to think enough to respond when she gave him such powerful information, and he groaned again, leaning his head on her shoulder. She ran her fingers through his hair, scratching where it was shorn close to his scalp, playing with the thick dark leaves of his laurel.

“Ares,” she prompted, “I take it you have not seen such a thing?”

“No, my lady. I have not.”

“Though I am sure you long to.”

“My sense as to where the Prince is extends only to his efforts in combat.” He felt along the soft fullness of her thigh, lifting so she could wrap her leg around his hips. The ornaments in her hair clinked as she turned her head to talk more directly into his ear.

“Then you missed a sight. You know, they often fool around after whatever it is the two of them do down there. Battle, or something like that. Even in the middle of Tartarus, once. Though they barely got their hands on one another before it was over,” she sighed. “I ought to bless the godling with better stamina.”

“I’m sure it is difficult to keep from losing one’s head around Thanatos,” Ares said. Just thinking of it... Thanatos was always so elegant and composed, and Ares was hard-pressed not to imagine him undone. His cool-toned skin showed an ichor-flush more brightly than most gods would, and Ares had caught hints of it when he’d given Thanatos attention in the past. Never, though, had he seen him truly fall to pieces. Picturing him so eager he couldn’t take his hands from his lover’s body made Ares’ movements stutter, his hips jerking up with enough force to make Aphrodite squeal.

“Slow down, love, or I’ll stop talking,” she chided him, giving him a little tap on the nose as admonishment.

"Yes. Yes, my lady. I apologize for my abruptness," he said, kissing between her breasts, his hands petting remorsefully at her sides.

"Good boy," she said, fingers running through his hair again. He loved when she gripped hard here, forcing his head wherever she wanted him to kiss. He was hers to do with as she pleased. "I used to think their more spontaneous encounters would always be rushed, that they would never plan enough to do more than putting their hands on one another."

He hummed, and she cupped the back of his neck, bringing him to her neck. He went as she requested.

"And on this most recent occasion I expected the same. They barely wrestled one another out of their clothes—they're quite competitive about it."

Aphrodite hadn't specified but Ares imagined one of his own boons fueling Zagreus in the heat of the moment, fiery bloodlust coursing through his veins and making him *want*. Fast and dirty, he'd make Death beg and beg.

"However, as it turned out, your little Thanatos, so sweet and innocent before Zagreus, a *virgin*, did you know?"

"Fuck." Ares hadn't known.

"Now, now, my love, don't be obscene," she said, as she squeezed her thighs tighter around his hips to hold him with his cock fully seated in her. *Don't be obscene*, indeed. "Anyhow, he's developed quite a passionate lust. I can feel it when they've been apart from one another too long—his fantasies are loud enough to hear from Olympus even when I'm not purposefully peeking in on them. So, yes, the first time they went at it fast, just hands and kisses, they're both a little sloppy but those boys are so sweet."

She often referred to Thanatos like that, in diminutives, and Ares was too far gone to correct her. He leaned his head to the side, his war paint smearing across her chest. Thanatos was *powerful*, and he was *ancient*, and he had been affecting mortal lives in such powerful ways long before Ares had even been born. Ares had been fascinated with him always, but that

fascination quickly turned to lust. He wanted to kneel at Thanatos' feet to learn, yes, but he also wanted to kneel at Thanatos' feet and allow him to use Ares for his pleasure.

"It was Thanatos—a surprise to me, honestly—who brought something special along. Next you see him, I'm sure you won't be able to help imagining whether he has that bottle of oil tucked away somewhere."

"Ah!" he cried, moving a little too hard, a little too fast again.

"Slower, Ares, dear, you wouldn't want to distract me." Her voice was breathy, though. She'd liked it.

She liked making him wait for details, too. She was quiet until his movements slowed obediently.

"Zagreus was eager to go again as soon as they finished, of course. They call him the god of blood, did you know that? God of blood, indeed. He does have stamina."

Ares smirked, his hands squeezing and loosening over and over at her waist to keep himself at pace, to keep his thrust deep but now forceful, letting her luxuriate in it. *God of blood*. How fitting for someone he would turn his attention to. How fitting for someone Death would turn his attention to, as well.

"Ares." Aphrodite wound one of his curls around her finger, her other hand feeling the span of his back. "I'm wondering if you've intuited which of them is on top."

He chuckled, low and dark. "You know, I think I would be equally enticed either way."

"Hm, good. They do go either way," she noted. At this point she was examining his face, her thumbs tracing his lower lip and meeting at the center of it while her fingertips spanned his jaw. "But on this occasion, it was Thanatos."

His jaw dropped open even lower and she rubbed her thumb over one of the points of his canine teeth.

"You like that, don't you? What was it you said of him last time?" She removed her hands so he could answer her unobstructed.

"I said I wanted him to fuck me until my knees gave out, and then I wanted him to give me his scythe to hold myself up with." This was how he wanted Thanatos: imperious, demanding, willing to use Ares for his own pleasure until Ares could take no more. And then he'd keep going.

Aphrodite's heel dug into his thigh. "Go on," she said. "What about our little godling?"

This, he had been transfixed with more and more often of late. He'd pictured wrapping himself up in Zagreus on a battlefield, the two of them flushed with the heat of the fight, blood between their mouths, kissing so hard they bruised, biting, clawing, a sparring match as much as a fuck. "I want him to fight me," he said. "And I want a hard-fought victory. I want to be sweating and bleeding and I want to go until one of us begs for mercy." He nosed into her neck again, fingers stroking through the spill of her hair on the sheets. He wouldn't pull. If he did, she'd stop.

He'd pull Zagreus' hair, though.

"Will you, Ares?"

"Mm?"

"Will you beg for mercy?"

She pulled out one of her nastiest tricks, uttering the question in Zagreus' voice, boyish and ragged, the air around them changing. Ares could suddenly smell smoke and ash, the scent that rose from Zagreus' laurels, and the somber perfume of incense that surrounded Thanatos. She leaned her forehead against his and let his mind fill with fantasies more vivid than anything he'd pictured, the two of them on either side of him, hands all over him, Zagreus beneath him and spreading his legs, Thanatos at his back, the

hard metal of his gauntlet pressing into Ares' neck. Zagreus bit his lip until ichor flowed, Thanatos fucked him until tears did, too.

He begged. He cried *mercy*.

They were dragging him into orgasm. Thanatos panted in his ear, Ares could feel the heat of his breath and the heat of his cock, could feel every pulse as Thanatos came into him. Zagreus bit down on his lip, a sharp sting of pain to ground him, as the clutch of Zagreus' body swept him off his feet. They were groaning his name, and each other's, sharing him between them, smearing war paint until the both of them had his mark on them.

He came roaring like a battle cry.

When he opened his eyes again, it was just Aphrodite beneath him, her teeth digging into his lip, the soft curves of her body instead of the hard planes of Zagreus'. It was a perfect image to drop back into, sweet and familiar, the phantom scents she'd put into the air fading and being replaced with her rose perfume.

Aphrodite was not all pretty petals and soft kisses, though. Her teeth shone gold with Ares' ichor. She was love and she was beauty and she was danger and he adored her.

"Thank you, my lady," he said, bowing his head to kiss her chest again.
"Thank you. What would you have of me?"

"Oh, Ares, you were perfectly satisfying in that moment," she said, running her nails in little tracks just to the side of painful, setting his skin abuzz.
"But, next round, I will be sitting on your face."

"I can think of no place better to be than drowning between your thighs, love."

She had a put-on giggle she used in front of other people, bright and girlish and enticing. Here, she let her laughter come out as a less-than-dignified snort.

"You always say the sweetest things."

Author's Note:

Find me on twitter [@luddlestons](#) or on my NSFW twitter [@luddlessmut!](#)